

JERU THE DAMAJA – BITCHEZ WIT DIKZ LYRICS

[intro: jeru the damaja]

yes yes

check it out right here now, know what i mean?

henryville, the m-th-f-ckin b-tchez wit dikz

that's in the midst

of the real brothers whose the true wonders

knowhatimsayin? talkin all that sh-t about this and this and that

but fakin sh-t, i'mma drop it like this

[verse 1: jeru]

bad b-tches and techs, and sound affects

talk but skate like tara lipinski, when sh-t get hec-tic

out in brooklyn, too late you's a vick

and if spend major dough on a hoe, you a b-tch -ss trick

pimps and players, no i'm not a hater

cuz i smashed it off, she bust me down i ain't pay her

shoutin youse a regulator

soft like c3po, but pop sh-t like darth vader

for princess leia, with flesh hard like sh-ggy

your booty, when sh-t get raw you doo like scooby

i'm sn-tching chains, mics and those platinum groupies

and let it be known, i eat ya'll p-ssies like a p-rno movie

dutches, chins, and hips get twist

drop that b-tch with a d-ck, and get a n-gga like this

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

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-b-tch!-

[verse 2: lil dap]

you n-ggas are like east new york waste, spit in your face

open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace

it's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club

spit it out, ya hoes know what this sh-t is about

b-tchez wit d-cks, and make a n-gga mad as sh-t
cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of new york
holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around
cuz these whole motherf-ckers, wanna round are town
thinkin they down, but dont know bk grounds
-b-tch!-

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]

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[verse 3: miz marvel]

the next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon
against half steppin, n-ggas is fake
i scope them first impression
take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion
and quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection
ya eyes cross like an intersection
you forget to count your blessings, all in the mix
sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks
b-tchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks
only talk with snares and t-ts
in the time of revolution, be the first to submit
try to be god, but there mental seem unfit
speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix
won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited
contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target
thrown into the bottomless pit, b-tchez wit dikz

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]

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